

## Trash Can Sinatras

### "Aberration"

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I've got my frighteners on  
And its mask a frightening  
Subconsciousness  
I'll don all with my head shorn

Weather my sense of the impossible,  
Which invariably can turn  
Very probable, even troublesome  
Add it to my aberration  
And all the things I've, things I've never done...  
My poor heart so bloody sure  
That it is karl denver  
Every time she draws near;  
And I feel a yodelling tremor,  
Signalling...  
Full ahead my abashment is on  
I guess I should be gone...home

I'm swathed...  
No wonder that I sweat  
Take a glance at her...  
Like a mother's suckling baby I wept  
Cut my swathe..  
No wonder I sweat.  
Take a glance at her...

Rosary beads  
And I wept. from my brow,  
I don't want it now?  
Even when I did  
I didn't know why?  
If? or just how troublesome  
Add it to my aberration  
Of all the things, all the things  
I've never done  
My poor heart so bloody sure  
That it's karl denver  
Every time she draws near;  
And I feel a yodelling tremor,  
Signalling...  
Full ahead my abashment is on

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